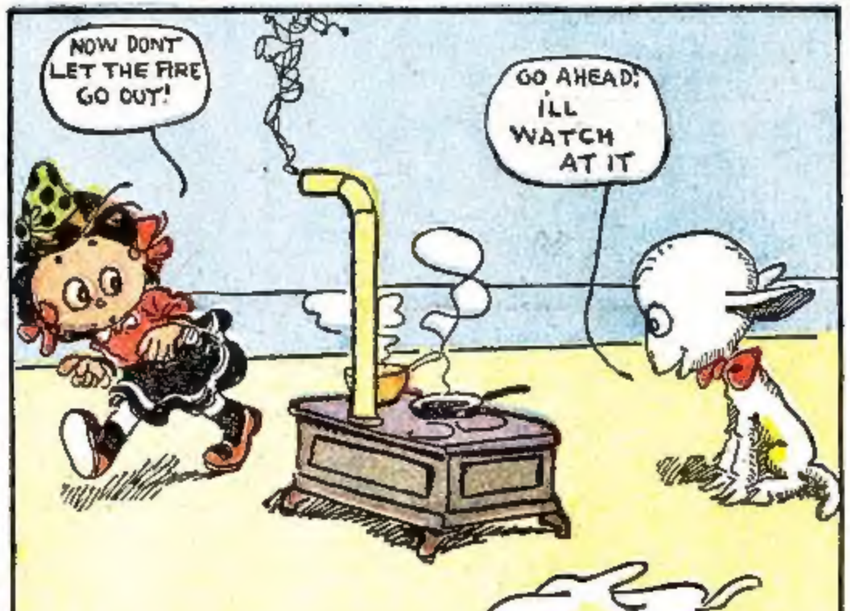
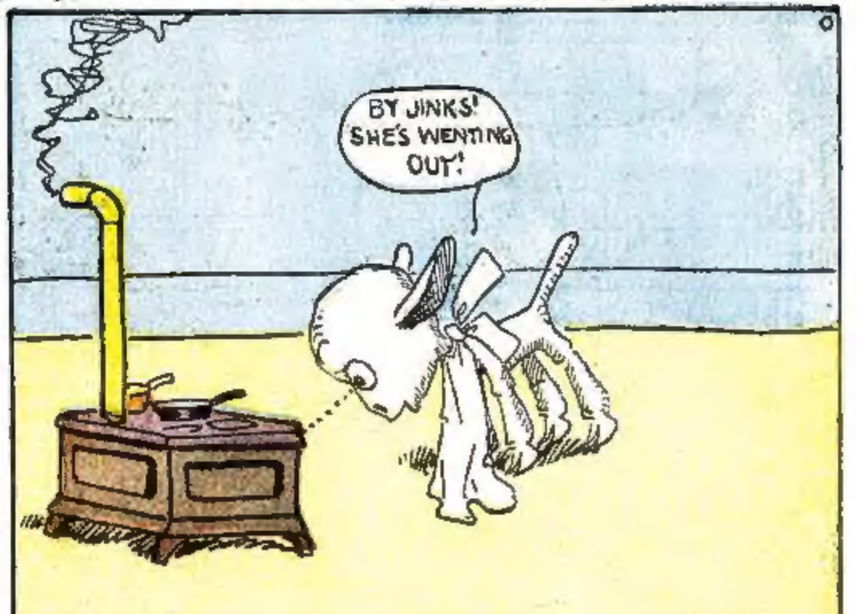
Mary · and · Her · Little · Lamb

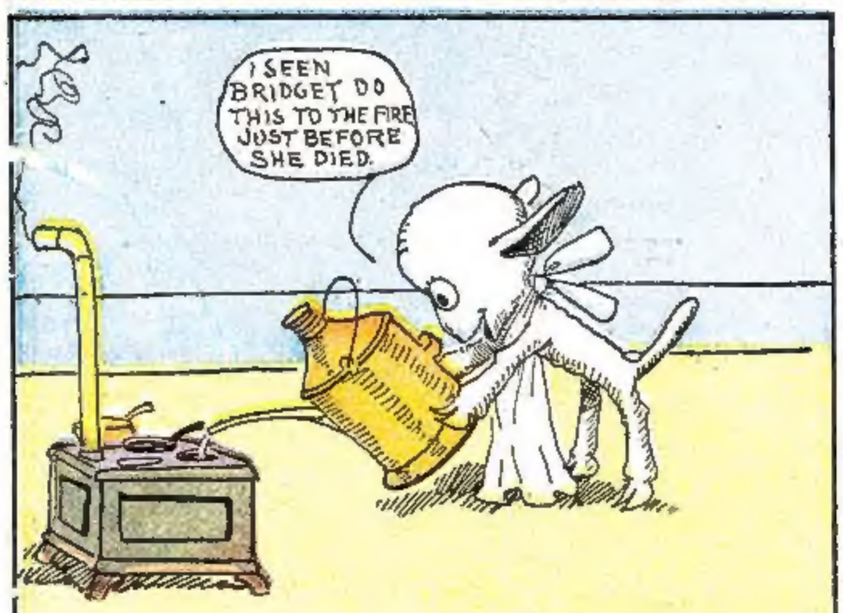
Now May. on her birthday was given a range
So she's cooking Percy a dish new and strange



And when she goes after a saucer and cup
She told Perc. to see, that the fire's kept up

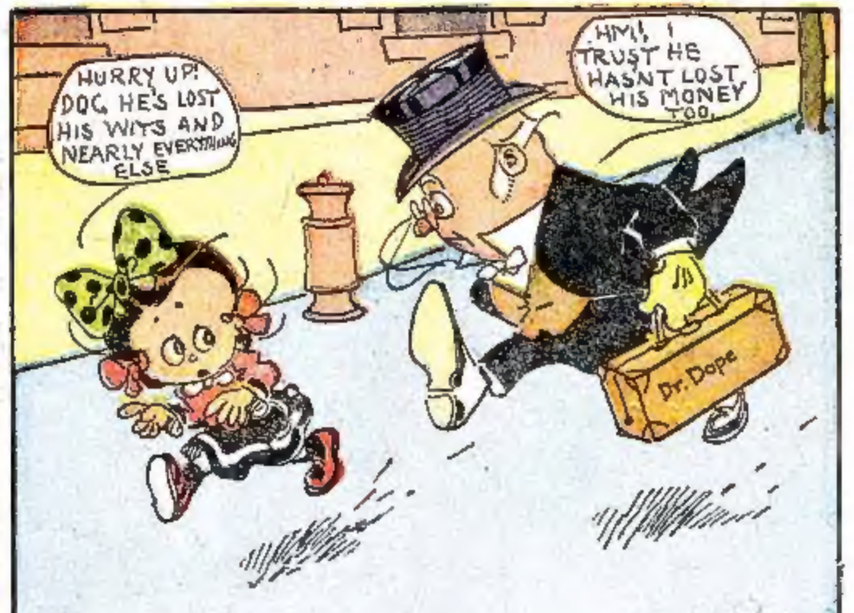


Now while he is waiting the fire burnt low
It flickered and fluttered and near out did go



As Perc had watched Bridget, so like her he ran
And quickly brought back the kerosene can

It started the fire, right up you can see
The range also, Percy, and up went all three



And Mary then hustled for "Old Doctor Dope"
Who said, for poor Percy there, just wast a hope

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Mary · and · Her · Little · Lamb

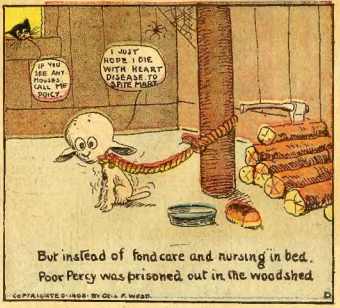
The postman gave Percy, a package for May
As he was quite anxious, to go on his way

But Percy he took it, back under a tree
As he said, what's Marys, is also for me

He opened it quickly, and then saw within
What he thought was wafers, so dainty and thin

He gobbled some quickly not stopping to taste
As he could hear Mary come running in haste

And when Mary cried "It was her Valentine"
Poor Perc. said, its Heart disease, I'll have this time



But instead of fond care and nursing in bed.
Poor Percy was prisoned out in the woodshed

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